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IMPII CV=

IVSDAM EPIGRAM-

MATIS QVOD EDIDIT

Richardus Sbaklockus

in mortem Catho-

berti Scotti,

quondā

prefulsi Cestrensis Apomaxis.

Thoma Dranta Canta-

brigensi autore.

Also certayne of the speciall Articles of
the Epigrams, refuted in
Englyshe by C. D.

Cessit victoria victis.

Refuted and allowed according to the
Queens Maiesties Injunctions.

LONDINI,

In ædibus Thomæ Marshi.

M. D. L. X V.

13



COETVI PSE VDO CATHOLI-
corum Anglorumaniensium piae con-
scientiae testimonium.



Haklockus vester (ut erat semper
admirandæ cuiusdam constantiae ho-
mo) per integrum quod ita apud nos
post defunctam Mariam principem quin
quennium cōmorabatur, ita sibi p̄si
moribus, fide et sermone constabat,
possit ut hoc suo quodā iure sibi vendicare facile se prin-
cipem inter eos evasisse, qui solent Cameleonta viuendo
exprimere. Namque Romani pontificis ab initio satel-
les ita Domini Buceri cadauer atrociter versibus lac-
rauit, ut credas aut prestigiatoris exorcismum, aut faci-
natrixis Sybillæ furiale cantamē potius q̄ Christiani an-
cuius hominis carmen extitisse. Postea vero mutatis te-
poribus (bonitatem naturæ sive, sicuti ego existimo secu-
tus) repente ille quoque mutatus est, sed ita tamen om-
nino, ut alind stans alind sedens, alind extra alind in-
tra collegij limen, et singulis priuatorum colloquiis sin-
gulas opiniones licet atrociter dissidentes, benignè tam-
daret, et easdem quoque pro tempore profiteretur. Sed
quam cito animaduertisset se frustra hoc saxū voluere,
nec duntius patere vafris hominibus ad honores aditum
ita subito et nostra religionis glo, quam ille nūc men-
tricō appellat, et melancholia sua quam ubique dominā

sapientiae tuebatur, ita inquam his utrisque tactus in-
 caluit, ut vix aut ne vix quidem abfuerit, quia iam to-
 tus incenderetur. Miserti homines sapientes tam misera-
 re estuantis Shaklocki, genusq; & causas morbi expi-
 scati, addiderunt illi quasi remedium & facultates et
 dignitatem. His additis ille dicto citius refriguit. Sed
 utrisque tamen, quamdiu poterat, fruebatur libenter.
 Cum propter tum doctorum tum verepiorum indesibi
 crescentem numerum, suspicatus esset, omnia sibi vera-
 spelli deinceps intercludenda, egit sane satis peritè
 Phormionis cuiusdam comicis partes, ut cum certissimū
 esset se diutius illum honoris cursum tenere nequissime,
 videretur tamen suis omnibus quæcunque vellet apud
 nos adipisci potuisse, sed propter renatum conscientia
 stimulum diutius adeptis potiri noluisse. Proinde defici-
 ente lucrisque, concidebant eius & fides & religio. Nunc
 & perfidus in fidè, & profugus à patria, magis quam
 antea inquam sacro sanctum vestrum parètem induit,
 & rursus illa ex parte ita iam denuò torret, ut & pa-
 tria & religioni et serenissima Reginæ facies maledi-
 etorum admonerit. Dignus ille quidem tam indigno
 parente vestro Papa filius, & indignus ille, qui augu-
 stissime Reginæ nostra aut ditione aut temporibus
 nascetur. Num illud tamdiu cœrulibus vestris pe-
 percisse vel apud ipsos Getas mereri potuit, ut clemen-
 tissima princeps superba domina diceretur? idque a tan-
 to so-

to sophisniatum artifice præstum est, ut possit ille si
 velit, sensum sententie ad haeresim retorquere: Sed
 nemo, cum legit, etiam si maxime velit potest nisi domi-
 nam reginam tacite secum cogitare. Sed neq; idm; pri-
 man carminum in uolucris agebat, neque quicquam pos-
 test, vel hic vel ipsam gentium adeo maledice ab ha-
 reticis conscribi, quod non mitiores interpretes nostros
 papistas habuerit, quam vel ipsis authoribus sua verba
 pre se ferre censemur. Et tamen neminem ego un-
 quam ita hos Shaklocki versus legentem audiu, quin
 aut protinus laesam maiestatem regiam clamaret, aut
 saltum in eo fluctuaret esset, an non esset regalis maie-
 stas lesa. Satis superq; fuisset, quod misero vati cru-
 cem conciliasset, si vel notam suspitionis potentissimæ
 reginæ inuississet tantum. Et extera regna & nos
 buius rei exemplis abundamus. Et si rursus superbam
 dixerit poeta, ostendam aliquot sibi similibum scurratū
 illustria exitia, neque id mehercule in aurem. Feriunt
 me tum literis tum nuntiis papistæ exemplaria hæc, quæ
 bus ego respondi, adulterina esse penitus: (Facto ut
 cunque immutata) sed quod illa mibi manu authoris de-
 scriptū supponunt, fictum profecto est. Nam & unum
 aut alterū eius carmē valde vitiosum est, & præterea
 ubi reginæ nomē expūxerūt, ita sēsus nepte claudicat,
 ut facile cognoris in signum aliquem satuum papistam
 correctoris ea in re operā abhurde lusisse. Nihil minus
 statuē

APOMAXIS.

statuebam ab initio q̄ Apomaxiu mēam typis dīmulgarē. Egi enim ludicrē. & quid n̄? Cum illo quippe homi-
 ne, qui seipsum ludū idcūq̄ omnibus exhibet. Sed quo-
 niam dira mibi, si h̄c excudi facerem, a conscijs Shak-
 locki portendebantur: quoniamq̄ sunt, qui minitantur
 se plarima in me acerbius scripta sub nomine eius tēctē
 velaturos. Non sic effugient, veniam quocunque voca-
 bunt. Nolo aliquam hac in re iactantiam mēā, & idcir-
 co sanē omittam permulta, quae si amicorum potius ro-
 gatui, q̄ ingenio meo parere voluisse, quām non aliquē
 papistam hoc potissimum in genere tunere debeam, de
 meispo prædicasset audacter. Sed lubenti animo vires
 meas agnosco, q̄ nulle sint & imbecilles. Nibilominus
 tamen si aut Shaklockus ipse aut quisq̄ illo viro mo-
 destior me aut mea quoquo modo dicēdo vexarit, ut est
 h̄c causa suipius propugnatricē acerrima, facile hoc
 apud eūq̄ indices dabo, ni fallor, conjectum, ut alteri
 par pari retulisse, alteri oratione et si inferior, at argu-
 mentorum saltem robore ponderosior esse videbor. In-
 terea desinat vestri me iam amplius quasi trepidum
 ad prælium laceſſere: atque ut ad vos Lōnaniensis ali-
 quis huius horribilitatis fructus permanare poterit, desin-
 ate vos, niſi adepti victoriā, dē quoquā homine tri-
 umphum agere. Desinat tam præclaro vestro otio &
 linguis ad bonorum infamiam abiit. Non est, cur fere-
 missima Regina aut horitate nisi videamini. Cur enim
 verborum aucipio, cur blandientium epistolarum ille-
 cebris

cebris apud prudentissimam principem re agitis? quasi apud illam aut vos aut vestra ignorari possent adeo. Si enim aut ipsi auctoritati illi vestri, aut quisquam alius ex vobis, tam ex animo principi nostrae studetis, cur eam fidem, quam illa puram & castam arbitratur. Vos eadem meretricem dicitis? Præterea cur sinitis stolidum hominem, inscium, ignobilem Shakelockum plusquam scurriliter illustissimum virum magistrum Haddonum quem regia maiestas suam causam dicentem armaruit, verbis violare? Si Caput tam impense diligitis, cur auribus non pepercistis sodes? Si amici estis, Shaklockum explodite: Si inimici, facite, quod facitis, retinete, demolcete, colite. Spero equidem propediem futurum, ut orbi terrarum elucescat, simulatum illud vestrum in serenissimam reginam obsequium, quam nunc ita officiose laudatis, ut audacius religionem culpetis. Sed neque vos magis reginam quam fidem nostram, nisi quod illa plus possit, diligitis. atque nisi tolerantiam vestram spes redditus vestris firmaret, iamiam tempus adesset, cum vos quod nunc tam fraudulenter dissimulatis, illud concilium vel semotis terrarum partibus patefaceretis, nimis in religionem nostram paruicaciter improbi, & in mitissimam principem supra quam diez dici potest, crudeliter ingrati. reges vero nolunt favorebit.

THOMAS DRANTA.

THEORY OF STATE

EPITAPHIVM IN MORTEM

Cuthberti Scotti quondam episcopi Cestrensis.

Impia concordes dum distrabit hæresis Anglos,
Spargit & in cunctis dira venena locis:
Dum fuit in monachos, dum sacras diruit aedes,
Et trahit innocuos in sua vincla viros:
Omnia dum lacerat, dum terræ sydera miscet,
Et pandit faciles in scelus omne vias:
Cuthbertus Scottus gentis noua stella Britannæ.
Cestrensis vigilans pastor ouilis erat.
Hæresis effuso nondum satiata cruento
Regina intactas sternere cæpit oves.
Restitit antistes, charum defendit ouile,
Cum poterat pedibus, rem gerit ille manu.
Rem gerit antistes ratione, at viribus illa.
Hic probat, hæc reprobat, longaque pugna manet.
Doctior antistes, hæc fortior, hæresis omnes
Applausus populi, signaque cuncta tulit.
Namque vacillanti populo mendacia trudens
In sua vota statim credula corda rapit.
Qualis matronam meretrix imitata pudicam
Improba perplacitdis oblitus ora modis.
Hæresis, o nimis fallax, o denia recti,
Tincta Lycambæo pharmaca melle gerens.
Fraude tua miseris, est nobilitata ruinis
Gallia, prob Guisei, tincta cruento ducis.

b

Fraude

VERGIL APHIVM?
Fraude tua hæretica, Calden si nuper in vrbe
Turba furens saxis suppeditabat opem.
Vrbs eadem timuit ne te dominante popellus
Præda foret canibus dilanianda tuis.
Sed deus omnipotens naturæ temperat æstum,
Et redit in proprias turba quieta domus.
Aurea perugili caueas Antuerpia mente
Insidiosa tuas hæresis ambit opes.
Anglia te doceat laeti iam fabula mundi,
Quid sit Romanam deseruisse fidem.
Nonne ibi tot sectæ (nullo probibente) virescunt,
Quot Thameſis pisces nobile flumen habet?
Hei mibi ridiculis pueris tribuuntur honores,
Ridiculis pueris pulpita cuncta patent.
Hæresis heu, vanis pueris dum fræna relaxat,
Clauſa inbet canos ora tenere senes.
Dum fidei ſoli ſe tradidit Anglia ſola,
Faæta quidem frigent nudaq; verba vigent.
Singula quid memorem? dum mutat ſacra prophanis
Angulus hæreſeow; Anglia noſtra iacet.
Immemor incæpti tandem mea muſa laboris
Pergito propositi ſata referre viſi.
Poſt variouſ caſus, poſt tot certamina longa
Hæresis oppreſſo præſule ſigna tulit.
Quid faceret preſul? cum ſolus ſtaret in armis?
Quid faceret paſtor deficiente grige?
Cogitux inuitus domine parere ſuperba,

Mente

E PITHIVM.

Mente fuit liber, corpore captus erat.
Corpore captus erat, iusto & priuatus honore,
Et sibi pro magno munere carcer erat.
Quinque vagus plenos Phæbus compleuerat orbes,
Dum retinent sanctum vilia claustra virum.
Carcere magne diu paruo Cuthberte latebas,
Martyry expectans tempora tarda tui.
Te cupiente mori, teq; expectante securim,
Concessum est aura liberiore frui.
Spes tua frustrata est, dum præmia martyris optas.
Vita noceat votis continuata tuis.
Ergo quid faceres præsul, iam proxime fatis,
Dum patet oblatæ libera porta fugæ?
Quin citus hoc fugeres, fugiendo sepulchra parares
Sancta decet sacrum terra, sacra virum.
Fælix Louanium, quod tam pia membræ recondit,
Et præsul felix, quem pia terra tegit.
Anglorum hæretici rident, tolluntq; cachinnos,
Cuthbertum fatis occubuisse suis,
Nec mirum gaudent furcas perisse latrones,
Et faciunt lætos fracta flagella canes.
Malleus heretici viuens Cuthberte fuisisti,
Triste tuo hereticis fulmen in ore fuit.
Fulmen in ore fuit, fidei dum concutis hostes,
Dum præcepta dabas, numen in ore fuit.
Alter eras Cuthberte tuis Chrysostomus Anglus,
Aurea mellito gutture verba sonans.

bij.

Anglica

EPITAPHIVM.

Anglica seu nobis, seu verba Latina sonabas,
Visa mibi labijs pendula verba tuis.
Anglorum bæretici cynicè latrare videntur
Cum venis in mentem (Scote diserte) meam.
Eloquio mirandus eras, te morte perempto,
Debetur lingua laurea (Carre) tua.
Tullius Anglorum utinamiam Carrus adesset.
Louanio ut dignam redderet ore (barin).
Aspice Louanium, ut luget, defletus sepultum.
Numquid (uthbertus Louainenis erat?
Non erat, attamen ac si natus in Urbe fuisset
Louani officijs nobile funus habet.
Opietas celebranda meis, dum spiro, camænis,
O semper votis insinuanda tuis.
Sis memor alme pater, quoniam super astra triumphas.
Huic Urbi faustum conciliare diem.
Sis memor infestos precibus sanare Britannos,
Ut recolant Christi, quam coluere fidem.
Ut Regina lupos agmina pelle latentes
Sentiat, implicitos perspiciatq; dolos.
Catholicisq; viris constantia corda precare,
Quorum est in medijs magna caterna lupis.
Iam (uthberte vale, presul Venerande Valero:
Impediunt lachrymæ scribere plura. Vale.

R. Shakellocke.

Louani. 23. die Octobris.

22. Sepultus est.

APOMAXIS eiusdem,

Impia deliros dum fallit Roma Britannos,
Omnibus eructans Roma venena locis:
Dum ruit in sanctos, dum dant incendia lucem,
Dum fumant tremulis corpora adusta rogis:
Omnia dum squallent, dum nox inducitur orbi,
Et quicquid viguit, terror & error erat:
Scotus Cestrensis pastor de stirpe luporum
Palantes mordax dilaniauit oves.
Tam vafer ingenio, tam pectore fictus & ore,
Possiet ut totus dicier esse Scotus.
At regina dolos iam dudum (prouida rebus)
Senserat, & caulis egerat illa lupum.
Vsa manu non est, non vsa est viribus ullis,
Carcere res gesta est, par fuit ense geri.
Est facilis princeps, nec numen mitius ullum,
Non nece cuiusque est haec tenus vta nefas.
Quid faceres Iesu, qui nondum tactus abiens?
Triste malum carcer, carcere liber eras.
Omnia sunt preter meritum tibi reddita, censu.
Libertas, solus deficiebat honos.
Magnanimus Scotus paucos inglorius annos
Haud tulit. (ut fuerat mens generosa senis)
Ergo ratem scandit, fremit ergo gurgite puppis:
Sic temerè pastor liquit ouile suum.

APOMAXIS.

Hei mihi, qualis eras? quantum mutatus ab illo,
Pro grege qui letus debuit vltro mori?
Plurima s̄epe soles pecori de fraude luporum
Multa cauenda tuis s̄epe referre soles.
Iam venere lupi, quos te cantasse putamus,
Iamq; greges latē possidet illa cohors.
Te nouus hic Daphnis, nouus hic te vincit Alexis
Tu vocum visus fundere flumen iners.
Maxima pars nostrum te nunc ita falsa locutum
Nouimus, vt verum norimus esse lupum.
Tytire quid properas? lacerum quin visis ouile?
Vah, charecta petis? Tytire coge pecus.
Non sic, nō dominus pecorum mandauit Iesu
Montibus & syluis, Tytirus ille bonus.
Non sic, non quondam fugit Ridleius heros
Præda vorata lupis, Tytirus ille bonus.
Non sic, nō pastor profugus Cranmerus abibat,
Obuius ille lupis, Tytirus ille bonus.
Nec venerande senextu sic Laimere latebas.
Pro grege mactatus: Tytirus ergo bonus.
Cuthbertus miseris pecudes bis mulxit in hora,
Nunc fugit ille greges: Tytirus ergo malus.
Prōh pudor, vt macrē pecudes? vix ossibus h̄crent
Aut nihil, aut Scotus tristia fella dabat.
Non saltem puduit niueas v̄sisse bidentes?
Non puduit: voluit rura scatere lupis.

Non

A POMAXIS:

Non ô non redeat, rabidos vehet ille leones,

Omnia diuellent: sic sedet ore fames.

Sed neque diuellet: nobis nam militet æther,

Aetheris & dominus militat ipse Deus.

Per mare, per terras, dum serio captat honorem,

Dum cupit antiquas sic reparare vices,

Ut vel ibi possit mitratus præsul haberi,

Aemula mors vitae sustulit ecce mitram.

Scilicet hoc illud, quod iam super astra triumphat,

Quod nolente sua principe præsul erat.

Et quicunq; volet patriam liquisse, Deumq;;

Mortuus is diuus Louaniensis erit.

Grandiloquus vates excusso cōpede Shaklock

Quod fugit ille suos, quod celebratq; suum:

Sanctus, sanctus erit, duplex lux sacra paratur,

Prima quidem muse danda secunda fugaz.

Quām tectē laudat? quid non canit ille disertē?

Laudantis (credo) fulmen in ore, fuit.

Fulmen in ore Scotti, Nam fulminat ille ruinam,

Plebsq; fide, donec fulminat ille, cadit.

Fulmen in ore fuit, sed fulmen quale tonantis

Vnā si cunctos perderet ille bonos.

Transfuga tale tibi, cum perditus osse Bucerī

Carmine vexares, fulmen in ore fuit.

Nunq; in ore fuit, quid nū quoq; pectore numē,

Dufius ast nomen numen vtrunque tenet.

Tale

Tale tibi numen, Guisei dum facta cruenta,
Laudas, & defles, tristia fata viri.

Tali stu πολύτες centum mentite colores.
Cui placuit serò, deteriora sequi.

Quid facis, vt nūc es, qui nil nisi omnia versas?
Qui simulas Christum, dissimulasq; papam.

Tantane te recreat sedis fiducia vestræ?
An pius hos animos addidit ille pater?

Sic subito cœlum mentem firmavit, vt ausis
Maxima de magnis stulte tremenda loqui?

Cogitur inuitus dominæ parere superbae,
Hoccine sanxistis tuq; chorusq; tuus?

Cogitur inuitus dominæ parere superbae.
Romanus natos sic docet ille pater?

Patrissas vates: pater & pia membra parentis
Arbitrio reges sic lacerare solent.

Omnia bacchatus poteras tacuisse superbam:
Tām dilecta suis nulla superba foret.

Quis tibi? quis (Shaklok) scribenti talia sensus?
Ecquod scribenti numen in ore fuit?

Grande nefas miserū diuinis lūdere rebus,
Disces (ah) longas regibus esse manus.

Illa quidem vallo virtutum septa suarum,
Dum tacet, ingenium claudit vbiq; tuum.

Illicet hoc campo non fas est esse disertum:
Nil referes vel tu, vel tua musa procax.

EPITAPHIUM

Dij. quām nō tutū de Principe singere quicqu?

Pæna est, si maneas: crux tibi si redeas.

Parce tue musæ, nimium dabit illa pericli,

Et plectet dominum ſepe petulca ſuum.

Sin est, cur pergas, & viſ tamen eſſe poēta,

Nec tibi quando venit, pena dolenda venit:

Gens eſt Romulidū reprobis: gens eſſera factis

Vertere ad hos versu, prodigus eſſe potes.

Prodigus eſſe potes, viger illic tetra libido,

Et ſcelus oinne viget, prodigus eſſe potes.

Pontificis luxum, Romanos corrigē factus,

Diuite ſic vena, tu ſuper vnuſ eris.

Sancta decet ſacrum dicendi ſylqa poetam:

Materiam, qua ſis ſanctus & acris, habes.

Nos ſumus Hæretici lecti iam fabula mundi,

Tuque, ſoles ſcriptis triftior eſſe tuis.

Lata materiis
triftiem uatem
dederat.

Adde tuu non eſt res omnis digna cothurno,

Nos arbusta ſumus, plebs reticenda ſumus.

Aurea pernigili caueas Antuerpia mente,

Diuitias petimus plebs miseranda tuas.

Aurea pernigili caueas Antuerpia mente,

Nam ſtruit iſſidias ille chorus ſuus.

Dum ſatui ſperant aliena viuete quadra,

Abiurant patriam, numina, iura, fidem.

Hærelis eſt caſtam meretrix imitata matronam,

omni

c

Da

APOMAXIS.

Daveniam, scortum deseruisse licet.

Cum religione nostra quam nunc bonus utrū meretrem ap H̄erelis est meretrix, quin tu scortatus abunde, Qui Shaklocke sciens cum meretrix cubas, Idq; etiam Quini per multa volumina coeli, pellat.

Dumq; fidēm firmat plurimus ore Deus.

Pacta fugis, fugiēda peris, mox nacta relinques, Poenitent & forsan iam renouata fides.

Nusquam confisisti, qualis plicat orbibus anguis
Qui tantum constans mobilitate sua est.

Fortitan illa dies aderit, cum perfide rursus
Iurabis vitæ poenituisse tuæ.

Iam faceres, nisi quod pueris tribuūtur honores,
Et nisi quod pueris pulpita cuncta patent,

Nobilis ingenio priuatus viuere nescis,

Hei mihi Shaklockus cassus honore fuit?

Clarè poeta redi, donabere munere claro,
Victorumq; canes Martia bella gruum.

Pulpita cuncta tremunt pueris (dic Zoile verū)

Num puer & quinas vixit Olympiadas?

Maximus ingenio Daniel non maximus annis,

Non bene iurantem fallit verunq; senem.

וְיַחַד vita nondum tria lustra peregit,

Cum tonuit viai verba stupenda Dei.

Non Ephoras senior præcepta senilia fundens

Laudatur verbis, Paule diserte, tuis.

Timo-

APOMAXIS.

Timotheus iuuenis vix tinctus flore iuuenie

Flumine dilutas pascere caput ones.

Pascite securi iuuenes, dum pabuli profund;

Porrigat en qui vult, ille vel ille manu;

Conticuere senes, quia vani, non quia cani,

Pandebant gregibus noxia rura suis.

Tu quoq; dum vanus torques conuitia vana,

Facti nonne piget, quod tua lingua riget.

Thersites magnū laceras Agamemnona voce.

Dum liber Haddonum vulnerat ille tuus.

Ille decus vatum, doctorum magnus Atreides;

Tu vix è mediis Cherilus alter eris.

Horrelco referens, Shaklockus, vulhetas omnes.

Quos feritis, semel est his obeunda dies.

Tale fuit vulnus, qnod protinus ère repulsum,

Authori Priamo fata suprema dedit.

Causidico credis nūl non tibi iuto dicere posse.

Causidicus causam sed meditare manu;

Si laudas, ledis, si mordes, tu quoq; ledis.

Si loqueris ledis, si sapias, raseas.

Dum pro defuncto lachrimas das vñq; parentes;

Eheu, q viuus flebile nomen habes.

Tristia fata tui, dum defles carmine Scoti,

Dum transuers stultos in tua iura libtos.

c. 1. Carmine

Officibus in
Anglicum sero
monem a Shak
locko compositis

Shaklock nominis
ter legibus hab
itus.

APOMAXIS.

Carmine lēfisti, dabis improbe carmine pænas;
Lēfisti libris, hāc quoque parte lues.
Centum clamna refers, & centum stulte dolores,
Qui possunt lachrymas ingeminasse. Vale.

T. Dranta.

Cantabrigiæ. 2. Maij.

Apostrophe ad Apomaxis.

Quō nunc, quō properas? referes incendia tecū.
In me turba ruit luxuriosa papæ.

Σάκλοιχον πέρτισα φυλάσσει, μὴ τε ιορέειν,
μηνθε επὶ κρατερὸν μῆδον ἔτελλε cause.

Κέποτε τοῖς λιξεστοῖς μωρία σῆματα χεισει,
εδίνει θεῖμα μόνοις τοῖς ἐπέσοι φροντι.

Sed neq; formida, fer nūcia verba per auras
Simq; malū quæsio, certior usque tui.

Aut ego Shaklocki prosternam carmine crimē:
Turpiter aut eius carmine stratus ero.

Vincere me nequeūt, nequeūt q; a vincere cauſa;
Hæc ut prisca dedit, sic noua tela dabit.

Ad Scotum, quod Louantum abit: cum tamen Jancke
dūasset, se apud suos mansutum.

Inte

Intemerata fides fons esse putatur honesti:

Sic etiam sceleris fons temerata fides.

Tu violasse fidem pia res dic an impia (Scote?)

Hæreticos pia res fallere posse viros.

χλεύει Lacones duxere bonumq; piumq;;

Excipere insidiis, ars generosa fuit,

Ars est scita, yafris plus quam bene culta papistis Generosa ars
Papistarum.
Decipere, & pactam frangere sœpe fidem.

*Ad eundem quod amicos suos ducentarum librarum
malimonto obstrictos, ingratuus deferuit.*

CRudelis nimium, si quid tua pectora tangit,

Curfugis? & miseros obruis ære vades?

Nec iurata fides, nec te data dextera dextræ:

Sed neque sponsorum fistere damna queunt?

Omnia da veniant, quæcunq; horreda videntur,

Catholicosne potes deseruisse vades?

Quis putet hæc? Scotus tractabat fraude papistas

At mortem metuens & male titus erat:

At bene cautus erat, sibi nil consciere danni;

Bis centum vadibus fors periere minç.

Posthac cuicunq; est argentea cura molesta,

Quin pro Papicolis is fideiussor erit.

*De Osorii Epistola deque shaklocko eiusdem interprete
catholicæ nowullorum censura.*

Quis-

biupis alienisq; hisp. la pha.
zimisq; A.

A P O M A X I S.

Quisquis es Osori papatus magne satelles,
Belle declamas & bene pingis opus.
Est opus, ac liber est, omni quia parte Latinus,
Non opus aut liber est, ni Latialis erit.

Shaklock. Hūc modo donanit, quidam sermone Britanno
Esse nihil cœpit, desit esse liber.
Dura sed hæc vis est: dabimus certè esse libellū,
Sed tamen ut liber est, dicimus & nihil est.
Et liber & nihil est: acerrima pugna loquēdi
Discamus melius mitius atque loqui.
Esto: sumus faciles aliquid dimittimus vltro
Non liber est nihilum, sed liber est nihil.

De Osorii Shaklockique libello censurā cœdatis, quod incep-
tum & rem subiectam acius intueratur.

Osorius.
Shaklock.
Vidimus Osorig; tuumq; Britanne libellū.
Vidimus audacis & Morionis opus.

Ad Shaklockum, ne inturgescat quod laudes
Marie principis carmine suo celebraret.

Laude tua misera magnam decorare Mariam,
Est onus & Marie non erit illud honos.

Ad V. S. quia cum maledicis chartis idem concidebat
ut dignus responsum uideretur.

Indoctus cupiens extendere tabula famam,
In me fando aliquid se putat esse aliquid.
Ascanius

APOMAXIS.

Ascanius fuluos descendere monte Leones,
Spumantemq; puer non nisi vellat aprum.

Ad eundem honorificum sedulitatis sui præmium.

Scripsit V.S. nulli versu mente secundus
Si poterit iudex carminis esse sui.

Scripsit idem cūctis versuq; & mente secundus,
Si versus iudex quilibet alter erit.

Attramen hunc summē bardi laudare papistē:
Vnde frequens sermo talis in ore fuit.

V.S. quod cecinit mellito gutture carmen
Tam bene cantantis torquis ætoros erit.

Gratia cum Musis, Charites, docti q; latini
Riserunt rasi non bona sensa gregis.

Te quoq; Phæbe pater multam risisse susurrant,
Iudiciumq; fuit sic iocularare tuum.

Torquis ætoros erit, volitet vaga fama poëtē:
Ipse quoq; vt volitet, torquis erit laqueus.

*Euge torquas
te.*

Si perget quæ vult dicere, quæ
non vult audiet.

Nec mihi, nec Phæbo.

An Epigramme vpon

pon the death of Cuthbert Scotte, sometyme
byshop of West Chester, devised by Ri-
charde Shakelocke translated by
an uncertain author, and replied a-
gainst by Thomas Drant.

To the Englyshe Louanistes, the
Pope his suppliante.

Many were the bautes, and passing
were the wordes, that were every
where bruted in commendation and
maintenaunce of this so licell, but
learned an Englyshe Poesye: It
doth argue (I right willingly con-
fesse) the inditer therof to be a pre-
ty ordinarie smatterer: not so lettred a workman, but
if that he will to much abuse his brayne in bolstering
of falsehood, he may haply haue to doo with his su-
periour, in assyng the truth. Small is the relief that
is not welcome to the hungry: smalle is that boote,
that scapeth the nedye warriorre: small and sclender
(god wot) is that kynde of argument, which you pa-
pistes, and yours, vse to reiect. Vea, not so muche as
those verses, but they were thought to be a stedy for-
tresse and stoute bulwarke to the lase preseruation of
your religion. This fortresse certes I was most vn-
willing to assault: but pacdon me I beseeche you, the
iniquicie of the place, and the easie hope conceyued of
victo-

A Replye.

victory, were my chiefeſt inducſtions to lay to the bat-
try. A thyng you wyll ſay more then boldly begin, ſo
vncurteouſly to encounter with your maiftre Shak-
locke, and as I expounde it, no whit at all of boldnes-
ſe respecting the fact, and conſidering the perſon. Bold-
nes and impudencie (if I were vncurteouſ) I would
ſay to be quaſtles vnto you papifts naturally incident:
whofe ſtable keperis and rafballis are ſo muſche in their
owne fauours planted: that they will not liſte penne-
teſt and moſte reverende fathers. They be ſemblable
in that your tumultuous broile of papiftry, to the base
and rafcall condition of ſouldiours: (whiche through
the cheaſyng of iſtrumentes, the clattering of ar-
mours and ſhoutes of chaffeſble be ſo poſſeſſed with
nouelties of paſtions, that every of them (as wytneſ-
ſeth Ophæus) dothe deeme of hymſelf as of a puissant
chieuelor. They be ſemblable to the trefull bein, whi-
ch hauyng in fury ones uttered her ſtyng (a weapon
of ſmall damage) forthwithiſ, it lyke her ſoe eyther to
conſoundide, either elſ alwayes alſo for deſault of an
other weapon, ſubiect to every enemis annoynce.
You doo all (in breſe) reſemblie in your practiſe, that
ſtie and deceyful paunter, who with ſleight of art and
ſubtiltie of coulores, did make the old weather ſteated
moſtall foode embaited with ſuget: you bring
laughters are enterlaced with lyng: your abiect mat-
ter is braued with embroudery of ſundry youre Deni-
ſes, no ben your wouſts are anatomisſed, there is found
neither ſiſt ne bone: onely a ſmoorhe ſuperficiall

D. i.

Saynne,

A Replie.

Slygne hath your paynted processe, beautified and gilded with many golde foyled sentences. God is more iuste then that he wyl suffer, the Princesse more godly then that she wyl admitte, and we more trayned in the Scriptures, then that we can brooke the dispaycyng of so holy and royall a Priesthode, and for a littell flourishe of woordes, to permitte you (the Caterpillers of the earth) to haue reentrance, and consume the frutes of the lande. Therfore embrase the one of these two counsels, whiche shal semme vnto you the rather: eyther to chaunge your religions, yf you mynde amongest vs to profite with yourc pennes, eyther to spare your pennes, if you mynde to persist in that your disguised religion. Farewell, the xxv. of May,

From S. Johns Colledge in Cambridge.

Yours to wylle your amendment in
Christ Thomas Drant.

An Epitaphe vpon the

death of Cuthbert Scotte, whilom Bishop of
Chester, devised by Richard Shaklocke,
and translated into Englyshe by an un-
certayne Author.

Vill heresy the bounde of hell, the Englyshe harts did feare,
And spred her popson perillously in places farre and neare,
Vill good religions men it racht, and holy houses rent,
And caught into her clynyng chaynes the good and innocent,
Vill blis every thing it did displice, an heauen with earth confold,
And ledd the easie way to slygne, to gree our soule a wound.

Then

an Epistaph

Then Cutbert Scot of Briton bloud, a neve spyong thare indey,
At Chester very painfullly his faithfull flocke dyd sede.
But heresly not yet content, wth bloud whiche he had shedde,
Began to spople thunspotted shys, whiche this good heyard sed.
This heyard warred against the wolfe, & to his charge he standes
Whan he might well have toke his fete, he toke him to his bedes
With reason he doth pleade his cause, she mesures all wth myght
Repy doth he, deny doth she, and thus they long doffyght.

Faſte better learned the bþſhop was, but errore dyd excell,
By ſorce, and by the peoples voice ſhe bare away the bell.
For lettyng ſooth to waueryng wits, with lypes her ſoſged warr,
Amoungled ſoone lyght credite heards, to fall into her ſnare.
Lyke as a drabb oþ trumpet, which a mateone chalſ would ſeme,
Dothe ſayne her face, & line her loke, & chalſ her men may deme.
Dereſly ſo full of ſcande, an ape I may theſe calle,
In ſorwyng truthe, thy ſugred cups are myre wth bittre gall.
Through thy deceite ſeance fauour is wth falſe & wounded leſs,
Black the day, beſpient and baynd wth bloud of noble Cōysse.
Through thy deceit, a ragyng rout which dwelt in Anþwarp towne
With ſtones did aide an heretike & thwackt þ Margraue down
The citle feared leſt in the bþſole thou ſhouldſt her betray,
And leſt unto the gredy dogges, ſhe ſhould become a pray.
But myghty Zone dyd put his bande, betyme to quenche the flame
And ſent the people which wer mad home to their houſes tame.
Met golden Anþwerpe, take thou heide, be circuſpect and waight,
For with thy goodes all heresly intendes her ſhips to ſtraight.
Let Englaud no in whiche is a leſt in all the worldē ſo wye,
Teach theſe what maner ſant it is, from Romayn ſayd to ſyde.
Dothe not theſe crepe ſo many ſeries, and no man dare them blaue
As theſe be ſythes in the ſhamas, a ſlond of nobis fame.
By me promotions of great pzele do chaunce to tryſyng boyes,
All pulpit places for them be, to better out their bores.
And whyll the byds the babbyng boyes to pſattle wth they wyl,
The wyls old men to loche they ſyppes, and lyne in ſplene ſypl.
The bill onely Wiltayn hauyng on Onely ſayd tales bole,
For to þoþa in de be gne ſom heat, good works do quide ſor cold.
An hooſe to ſpenle to bithole thengs, it changeth the þeophane,
An angie of all heresly, out Anglie, dothe remayne.

an Epitaph

But now my muse shoudoll begyn wive from thy mark to runne,
Procede to shewe chend of him, with whom thou sy;st begunne,
Wher ben divers ventures were denourne, and tossyng tempestis pass,
When heresye this lordis subdue, and wan the field agan.

What shold trouw you this byshop doo, when he was left alone?
What chifft might now this hepard make, wha al his flock was
This stately dame constrained him to yeld against his will (gon:
His body bound must never obey, his mynd kept freedom still,
Restraynde he was, depliude he was, and had in small regard,
Impiisement fell to his chare, in steede of great rewarde.
The sunne syue tymes dyd canne his race, & made his circie mete:
Whilist this good lord was foyll to saynt in thaire of soylly Flete,
O Culbert great, in compasse small, a great towyle thou dyddest lye,
Soore longyng for hylking day, wher thou so; Chifft shuldest die,
Whilste thou dolst long to lese thy lyfe, and looked so; the blocke,
A pardon came to go abrode, unopenyd was thy lache.
Thus disappointed was thy hope, thou songhst a martyrs byt,
But ieghned lye made hope com shott of her long sought desire.
What shuldest thou do now fatter sage, since deeth was hers at had:
By natures course and to go out the doore dyd open flande,
But take thy flight vnto this towne to sende an holy grane:
For mete it was that holie earth, suche blessed bones shuld haue.
O louely Louane happy towne in whom this corps dothe rest:
And happy man whosle sacred bones with sacred shoulde ar prest.
Pale laught these englyshe heretikes, and skreke into the sye,
That Culbert is out of by deach, and pale in grane doth lye.
I mettalle not, for theues do laughe, when gibbets do wake scame,
And doggs do hop when whips ar broke, & boys wher rods do war,
An hammer of all heretikes thou wart, whilste life dyd last,
Out of thy moued gainst heretikes there came a singyng blant.
A burnyng blant when thou thedes of holy church dyd chace:
But wher preceptis thou dyddest propound, fro thes ther cam a gracie,
Every as an other Chysollom, the countrey dyd ther take,
For golden wordis with holie voice, to them thou often spake.
If englysh talke of Latine speche to vs thou sooth dyd sing,
We thought the beares on thy lippes dyd hanay us by a syng,
Spech shuldest like bogges out heretikes to backe agaynd thosk lippes,
So oft as thy well syld tonge, I call ento my mynde.

Awoylde

an Epitaph.

Alwold it was to here thy wordes, now thou art wrong.
O Carre the crowne of eloquence is due unto thy tong.

The Tullie of the Briton blood, would Carre were here this day,
That myght by thankes with learned lips to Louane he myght pay.

Behold how Louane doth lament and helpeþ vs to morne,
What meaneid this are we beguylid, was he in Louain boþne?

Day nay as though he were in Louain boþne,
With great renoume unto his graue, he is of Louain led.

O louþþy to be sent to God in every doþe of myne,
Though thou triþþ abone þ starres, þempþre heanþ leþe doþome.

Desyre God gently to deal with this same gentle toun,
Pray for our cure of countrey men with errours now infecte.

That they may loue the ancet faþ, which they do now neglecte,
That our good queene mai spy þ wolues which in lads clains do lurk

And may prevent with policie, their falle and wylg wozke.

Pray God unto the fallefull flocke good constante hartes to geue,

Of whomre great numbre at this day amys the wolu's do lyue,
Farewel Cutbert fro earth caught vp, with God in heanþ to dwelle,

new geyping grief doth stop my voice, yet once agayn farewell.

F I N I S.

A Reply by Tho-
mas Wyatt.

Whilr agong Rome that rythmull rocke, þer st̄ sink þ sales,
And þat þ barge of strokles saþt & knight þer stete þ tales
Whilr tales wer taught so; trusty truth, & trode truth did shank,
Whilr painted pope oþe holy syze, dyd genþ us errours drinke:
Whilr erro; had througþ Briton land his mystry mætles spred
Whilr syn þought gain, firmeþ brought pain, whilr at duncenes
One Cutbert Scot the Chester flock auctorised to keþe (þred
Let

A Krepyle

Let louse the wolves, & he most wolfe, with ranin rent his shepe
A cutting Cutbert sure he was, a cutter for the noses,
He cut the fleece, sapt up the mylke, & broyle the flesh & bones.
His soyle calends came at length: the prynceesse dyd require,
It that were fedyng of the flocke, to make them fede the fyre.
Cutbert that coulde enough of craft more then of learned skill,
Diloyall to her royaltie bothe wroke to wylle her will.
These shepe (quod he) these wicked shepe in such case will not
As Corwdon had me, they shuld, the lard of Latin land (land
What Corwdon a keper here: let him kepe in his boundes:
He ought not, neither hal (quod she) hane interest in these grondes
Dought not quod she; he ought quod he, he hath it done of yore:
Him thing is that, not much (quod she) but hath to me therfore
Whilom there was in Paraceth a sheparde of great fame,
That earth & hold, nor heavens can shrowd, y proces of his name.
There is of him a pamphlet pender, a pamphlet of great pycie,
He reiche what foode, & who shuld sede, and how dispeses ryse,
If thou o; thyng by wordes of his canst proue that pastors strange
Permitted are to rule our costes, and here as lordes to raunge:
In wode of prince we promise ther, we wyl hym not resygn,
Let Corwdon cast on his curres, and byte where as he lyf.
Bothe parties condescended tho: the Judges, tyme, and place,
Assigned were, and those assynd that shuld debate the case.
Che herdmā left as then his charge, no shepefold had his guide
Both more and lesse to London straight to se the matches tride.
Up was the golden tressed sonne, come was the daisment day,
That pycie wō pope shuld stād in plea, which shuld on shepe bear
Great was þ worthy andiere, þ judges sage & grane, (sway.
The parties fully prauliged the scriptures for to rāue.
Sceptis to the barre a noble route as chalengers of myght,
To wrypþ whet of scriptures sharp, to win thair soueraign rigt.

an Epitaphie.

No pope, no popyshe champion, no Scot gave onset there,
They; wrangling argued ignozance their cauillis argued feare,
Then truth that long eriled was, whē murthered war her knights
Crynyng feare put forth her head, & peerde to most mens sighte:
The princielle doth her well entreate, the people her imbrace,
And now they rue that ever erst, they pleasurde in that face.
That face þ fained Romyshe face, whose leames of gloriouſe hure
Do yet bewitch the wicked world, apparant styl for true.
Ah Frace to sond a blynd to toys thou myghtest by this haue ſeen
But that duke Guyſe (diſguifed devil) did ſo bedimme thyne eyn
Black with bloud of barons bold haw purpled was the ſoyle,
For amours of an apyshe hooore was kyndled all that broule.
But let him dye embryued with bloud, & ſuch diſtention breude:
A noble paterne ſo the reſt, how they became ſo leude.
And Andwarpe if the caſe ſo ſlope, that Ione wold now belay
His ioll to the by preachers mouths, O Andwarpe doo not ſtay:
Iwys thofe preachers be not dogs that back to ſyll þ panche,
The poer rauis whose ſratlike ſoule no bain of words caſt chanche.
No golden Andwarpe, no of truth they ſeke no gold of thyne,
A cheat of thanks for popyshe preachers to cram their prolling pine.
Let England now a flouryng land to peace and blyſſe abyde,
Teach thee, what extreme ruth it is, in Romyshe leage to abyde,
The princielle of ſuch perfect ſkil, the pieres ſtand in ſuch ſteade
That ſeet noz ſeſſme can ſooner crepe, then nipp'd is her head:
Heits crepe (quod Shaklock) uncontrold: lo ſhuttle Shaklock loz
She blames, they blame, & yet unblame, go fulſh Shaklock go.
The prince he anchoris ful on Chrift, we ſtray not in þ ſream,
Her faith to Chrift, our faith to both, hath inroght a paſſig realm.
O happy days, promotions now fall not to tryſlyng bores,
Nor pulpits ſerve not ſhaned ſpys, there to unlode their tops,
Both old & yong of ſyzed tongus, and of ſurpaſſyng loze;

A Replye

Are hymited to preache in prease the scriptures, and no more,
In felo: since Casydon and his were conquerde in the playne,
Casydon in cuttyng of the pope out of a cakehell trayne.

Casydon Cathered at that stroke, he cut the sonnyng leas,
And lach in lounyn loytringly his princesse to displease,
By me, what mē this saint to see? why went lord he of awaie?
Age broke his lopt, he has forgot to byde his martyrs day,
A misericorde prouide agaynſt his loyly parforce he dyd obay,
Speaks plainly Papillon, who was that? our heretoy you say,
A stanchy name dor her of y, may then a symple mayde,
And by the princesse only meane, both he and hers wer slayde,
Nothing she can, nothing she could, he went the princesse state,
The cause why he preſtands to chek, the gaine the pope a maiſt
But fel shall be his ſmall fate, that loues to mēll ſo byg,
The heauens tremble & the gods, when Ione but lokes alay,
But now no more of thādying wordys, forſe laughe must we al
He ſhabilock willeſo; he of our whip hath ſelt his fatal fall,
A galloſtres a whippe A bolt an hōmer ſow this Drot,
He hangis he ſcourgide he ſtoke ſo long he made dente the potte,
The trus the ſhepe h godly gradiſe the tamer of littel myght,
Lyn Apke Dier Graechi berb like Dameris ſo wylde

Huche grāce dwelt in his taſtyng tong the gospel to deface,
That likly now he lieth bereft of promisde goſpells grāce.
A wold to here his grāces grāce, how it disgracod the man
True grāce refuside, Gods gifts aduſde, the peoplē bedlong ran,
In latin o; in engliſh tong ſuch proſeſſe dyd he ryng,
That he wold leade the moſt ſolē, as it were with a ſteing
We think he dyd enchant & charme & buſt our ries w diſtances,
Hene preachers bid be boldy drie to the goſpels blaſing benites,
Heat was in eloquence a lyng, whiles that he lyued here,
And therfore byng left a croſtane, but now who ſhall it weare?
Aſke

A Reply.

Aske Shakhlock Student in the late, his wisdom stretcheth farre
No gentle herte, he is contente to gene it doctorre of care.
Carre is thy beautie of our peaces, molde here unto our tomes,
Great riche is ther, y golden Carre thatt sett pouer lawes to man.
The poete passeth in this poynt, whether he blame or prapse :
He bzedeth greke: yehol the two good shakhlock me dispayse.
But out alas, dead is this lord, gone is theyr pylter stome,
He was the beshlunge on the rell, and beme them all by one.
A pylter of small constancie : No Duresse on this where.
Hoddy recayd, wherhence he hat channied many a yere,
Wel louely Lorraine, had not thou, thou darst his bones inhabite
And woldis hym that he may slope so sture in sacred monides.
Alas good Lorraine how thou wepest, our papists how thei unnes
Poure Shakhlock moles in such dredded to water he will thinne,
Fye poure Scotte do not so, the Pope is god to us, ~~and~~ And he wil raise agayne this Scot, when gyns agayn this yere.
Whyles that unrudely I prakynge a lalle to you to sende :
A soueraigne salue in hope it wyl your flowing dropys mend.
If these my verses to perbise, you wyl but take the vexnes,
These humors spred, estfones no dout wil muster in your veins
Your gripyng greke doth grate my heart, pitie doth me compel:
To tender you with hasty help, take these and fare ye well.

To the unknowne Translater of
Shakhlockes verdes.

Translater y translates these things, what mening hath y somer
Thou translates them: & they from the translate away thy name,
I smell thy poppys the malady. I know thou art not sounde,
I wou ihsu well I knew thy selfe, as well I knew thy wound.

宣統甲子年

gain a roun Chirurgian perhaps I shoulde ther strayne,
I woulde fasse small fasse to thee, to felic so great a payne,
I rubbe so rough, I ransacke depe, I cut vnto the bone,
soo healthfull soe to hanue my helpe, more easfull to be soone

To Shakspeare's Portugal.

Sallock, a man of noble welthe, supposyng vs but poore,
For countrey loue, dyng to transpoynt of Portugals great rore,
Held princely portugals (sayd he,) such perles of pride & pris,
That not the best artificer their bales can deuise:
None are not for a wealthy folke, and at substanciall stay:
We haue so much of better thyngs, we cast these perles away,
And sayl Sallock, sayl me, may praise his perles vs to heare,
England a perles land now alio wche no popylshe geare,

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AD DOMINVM IVELLV M ET
Moribundos Louanienses.

Hardingus trux fronte pugil, spes altera Romae,
Dira fremens magnum contra ciet arma Iuelli.
Dormannus Rastall, Stapleton, socia agmina iungunt,
Tela vibrant: chari misere tur quisque Iuelli
Martius ast contra stetit imperterritus ille lxxv.
Luminibus tacitis hostilia cuncta pererrans.
Omnia tuta videt, (nam viderat omnia nuda)
Testatusq; Deusn, validam prendensq; bipennem,
Sic ferit: atque omnes pariter transuerberat hostes.
Vtrique te
flamencum.
Hardingus quamvis ferro dextraq; repulsus
Vincere non potuit: claris tamen excidit ause.
Catholice fidei Iuellus magnus Achilles,
Hardingum stravit: si felix magne Iuella.

ERRATA.

Pro offe Buceri Lege Offa Buceri.
Pro chorus suis, Lege chorusque suis.
Pro dicti dici Lege dicti.